

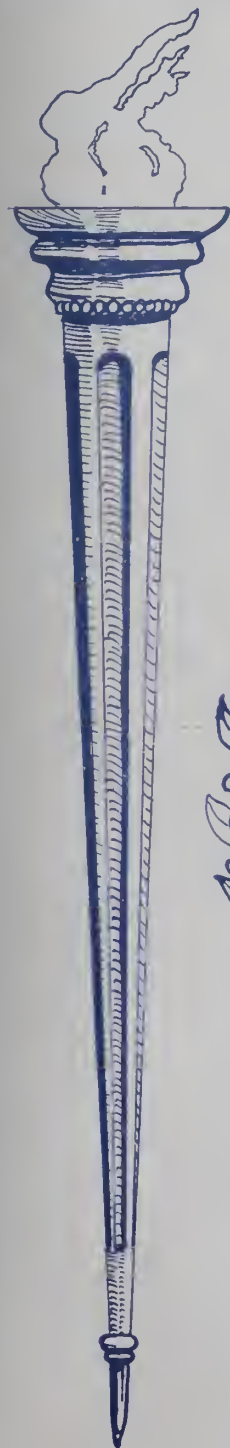
THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

VOLUME XXXIV.

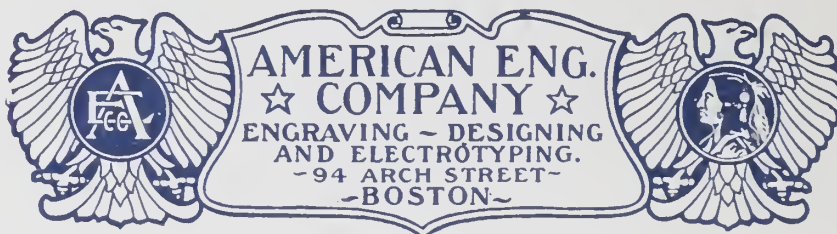
NO. 6

MARCH

1915



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The Latin School Register

CONTENTS FOR MARCH.

	PAGE
WINNING HIS WAY.....	5
A HAZING THAT FAILED.....	6
AN ATTRACTIVE HOBBY.....	7
A NOVEL DEER HUNT.....	9
HUNTING CRANES.....	10
BETWEEN THE BELLS.....	11
SCHOOL NOTES.....	12
SPORTS.....	13

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Latin School Register

VOLUME XXXV. No. 6

MARCH, 1915

ISSUED MONTHLY

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WINNING HIS WAY.

It was graduation night at the St. Louis Medical School. The worthy President was handing out diplomas to the happy graduates who passed up one by one as their names were called. Among the names read was that of Robert Jamieson, the best-liked fellow in the school, best-liked both by the faculty and by his fellow-students. We shall now trace his past and his future.

Born of poor parents, he had been obliged to shift for himself and in order to go through school, had worked early and late, rising early in the morning to make furnace fires and sift ashes, then eating a hurried breakfast and going to school.

After school, he would sell papers and tutor the idle rich, who, in time of peace, did not prepare for war, or, in other words, when they should have studied, idled away their time and when the test came, failed in their "exams." As a result young Jamieson was much in demand.

Although he had put himself through college, he had only a few dollars left for establishing himself in his chosen profession. He thought of this as he passed out surrounded by a group of laughing comrades.

His first step after going out into the world was to select a suitable town for putting up his shingle. After poring over maps of the surrounding

country, he finally decided on a small town some miles to the west of St. Louis, because the physicians were few in proportion to the population. After having looked through the town to find the most advantageous location, he selected a little one-family house which he thought would suit his needs—and his pocket-book. He paid a month's rent in advance, which put a big gap in his fast diminishing bank-account.

At an auction sale which was held a few days after his arrival, he bought a table, a few chairs, a carpet, two pictures, and other necessary furnishings for his office, which left him, by economizing, only enough for a week's subsistence. For the back room he had a large packing-case which a predecessor had fortunately left him, upon which he ate his meals and which, inverted and stuffed with straw, served him as a bed by night.

He got his first patient in this manner: While eating one day, he heard shouts in the street outside his house. Running out, he beheld a crowd around a middle-aged man who had been struck by an automobile. He broke through the crowd and, taking the man in his arms, rushed him into his office and gave him first aid. He attended him, and,

according to the unwritten law of his profession, reluctantly handed him over to his own physician and was rewarded with ten dollars and his name in the paper.

His next patient was an old maid who, fancying herself to be delicate, had a hobby of visiting every *doctor* in town. Hearing of Jamieson, she had to be examined by him, too, and he was enriched to the extent of five dollars.

In this way, living from hand to mouth, he eked out a precarious existence and by degrees furnished his house.

* * * * *

A few years passed, and the family physician of his first patient died. The old man, who in truth had liked Jamieson from the very first, now became his patient, and through his influence Jamieson came to have a large practice.

Only last year he was nominated for the town Board of Health and elected by a large majority over his nearest opponent, and we should not be at all surprised if, at the next election, he should be chosen Chairman of that honorable body.

H. A.

A HAZING THAT FAILED.

It was the annual custom of the sophomores of Bolton Academy to give hazing to the freshmen. Each year they decided upon a freshman to wreak their vengeance on. This year a boy of eighteen, by the name of Spaulding, was chosen. Hazing was forbidden by the rules and regulations of Bolton Academy. In spite of this fact, the sophomores disregarded the rule and were never

caught. Spaulding had an inkling that he might be picked to be hazed. Therefore he was on his guard, when he heard a soft knock on his door at ten o'clock one night. He opened the door to face cold steel at his forehead. His nocturnal visitor pressed a pair of handcuffs on his wrists, and stuffed a red handkerchief into his mouth before he had time to cry out. Then,

keeping the revolver at the back of Spaulding's head, he ordered him downstairs and out of the building. The sophomores were crouched on each side of the dormitory steps to receive him. Spaulding, who had been under the impression that the sophomore was a burglar, was now aware that he was in the hands of sophomores. He was chagrined at being caught so easily. He determined to escape. But how? There was no getting away from those handcuffs.

The sophomores carried him some distance from the dormitory until they came to a hill. There, after removing his handcuffs, they nailed him up in a barrel, lugged the barrel to the top of the hill, and sent it rolling. As Spaulding came out of that all right, they proceeded to make him walk the plank. They wedged a long board between two rocks in the river and pushed Spaulding on to it. As Spaulding refused to "walk the plank," they pushed him off with a pole. Spaulding went down with a sickening gurgle, *and stayed down!* The sophomores, scared completely out of their wits, dived in after him, but they came up with no Spaulding, for that worthy representative of the freshmen was already in his room in the dormitory!

Before Spaulding came to Bolton Academy he had taken many prizes in swimming contests. When he was pushed off the plank, he saw an op-

portunity to scare the sophomores. Swimming under water all the time, he gained the opposite side of the river. Clambering up the bank, he went to a point farther down the river, and swam back. He had the advantage, as it was pitch dark, and the sophomores could not see him, as they had only lanterns. Spaulding returned to his room, but did not "peach" on the sophomores.

Meanwhile the wet and bedraggled sophomores went sadly back to the academy. Arousing a professor, they told him the sad tale, confessing that while hazing a boy by making him "walk the plank," he had drowned. The entire police force of Bolton was put on the job. The police force could hardly be called a force, for it consisted of one man only. He, with the help of some of the students, dragged the river bed without success. There was a full-page account of the accident in the "Bolton Blade," with much embellishment. The sophomores concerned in the affair were put under arrest, and there was a general hubbub in the hitherto peaceful town of Bolton.

Imagine the consternation of the academy when the resurrected leisurely strolled in and took his usual seat at table. A deathly silence! Finally one of the sophomores manages to articulate: "The deuce!"

Needless to add, there was no more hazing at Bolton Academy.

C. W. M. '17.

AN ATTRACTIVE HOBBY.

If there is one thing that the boy of the high school age usually wants, it is some kind of pet or hobby. There are many of these, such as, stamps, coins, photography, and the like, but one of

the best is aquaria. Let me give a few reasons for choosing this hobby in preference to the others. In the first place, it is inexpensive to start, and even less so to maintain; this is not true

of other hobbies. It also is very instructive, teaching natural history at first hand; it can be had where other pets cannot, and is also quite beneficial to the atmosphere of a house.

These advantages having been seen, let us attend to the aquarium itself. First in importance is the globe or tank. The size of this is entirely regulated by your purse and your wishes. As our aquarium is to be well balanced, that is, one as near nature as possible, we must have pebbles to grow our plants in. You may buy these, or gather them on the shore of some fresh-water lake. Then we come to plants one should have. There are three varieties that are quite common—*sarhgetaria*, *ludwiga*, and *cabomba*. Stick these firmly in the pebbles, being sure that the roots are underneath. Now put a cup in the aquarium and pour the water into that, allowing it to overflow; that is to prevent the water from making a hole in the pebbles while it is being poured in. Do not fill the bowl any higher than three inches from the top as the fish are liable to jump out. To start an aquarium properly, it should be left this way for a week, but as a rule, if one wishes to hurry, a few days will do. The object of this is to have the roots of the plants well started.

Now comes the all important matter of the fish. Good plain goldfish are the best for the beginner. There are other varieties, such as the comet and fantail, which may be added later. In choosing the fish, select those of good color, with sound fins which should stand up, and pick those that swim near

the bottom. The fish should be nearly of a size and not too large; for large ones like those in the city aquarium are not so pretty and play havoc with the smaller fish. A nice addition to an aquarium is the little fresh-water minnows that can be gotten with a dip-net. They are delicate but often flourish.

Of course, with plants and pebbles in the aquarium the water cannot be changed; so we must supply it with the means to clean itself. We find these in tadpoles, or embryo frogs, and snails. The tadpoles are very cheap and can be caught in the brooks more easily than minnows. There are two varieties of snail, Japanese and common; either is good. In reference to changing the water, let me say that once a year is often enough, and sometimes a longer period may be allowed. Of course, as the water evaporates, it should be replaced. An odd addition to an aquarium in the way of scavengers may be had in the fresh water mussels or clams. They are very interesting but hard to get started.

In almost every hobby there is a list of don'ts, but there are only two in this. In the first place, don't feed the fish more than twice a week as they get a lot of food from the tank. (Prepared food that can be bought is the best.) Secondly, don't introduce anything from the seashore into the aquarium.

In closing let me say, that for the city boy, nothing can excel an up-to-date, balanced aquarium for the pleasure and instruction it gives to him and his friends.

E. A. M., '17.

A NOVEL DEER HUNT.

A few days in the country will work wonders for most city boys,—especially for one with a camera. To interest him there are all the animals about a farm, wonderful sunsets, trees, fields, quaint old farm-houses, delightful bits of scenery on brooks and ponds, and last, but not least, Nature's denizens of field and wood.

All these offer most delightful recreation to anyone whose eyes have been opened to the beauty of what is always around him. I am such a fellow, and, as a result, during the first few weeks of my vacation last summer, I used a good many films and learned much that I had not known before about the lives of the wild folk.

I had tried my hand at "snapping" practically everything around from kittens to the rather more wary partridges, but all that seemed the easiest sort of work when I tried to secure a picture of a deer.

In the first place, there were scarcely any deer to be found. There was so much open country around my home that the deer seldom ventured near enough to be seen. I made many attempts to get a glimpse of a deer; established salt-licks, and always carried a camera on my walks through the woods, but was quite unsuccessful, for only once had I seen a deer, and he was far away.

Finally, however, while on a long tramp in the woods one day, I discovered what was evidently a path used quite often by deer, for there were on it many impressions of their sharp hoofs. I followed the trail until it came to a brook.

Here was luck indeed! Plainly this was a favorite watering place of the deer. An open glade, about twenty feet in width, stretched around the pool and at the edge of the glade was a heavy clump of juniper.

I didn't wait to see any more, but delightedly slipped away as quickly and as quietly as I could, planning to visit the spot the next morning when the deer would commence his daily round. My luck failed for a few days, however, for a rainy spell followed,—of course unsuitable for taking pictures.

Vacation was drawing to a close, and I was rather anxious about that deer. I visited the brook once or twice, and, yes! fresh tracks, plainly made in the morning, were still there in abundance. Once I thought I saw a smaller imprint, but I was not sure, for the ground was covered with too many tracks and the rain dimmed their outlines. Besides, it was too much to hope to see two deer at once.

At last the rainy week ended, and one day, when the wind was from the right direction, I arose just as the sun was peeping over the horizon, quietly stole away from the house and in twenty minutes was at the pool, crawling into the juniper bush. Very fortunately the sun was at my back, and so, preparing my camera, I sat down to await the deer,

I had not long to wait, for scarcely had fifteen minutes passed before there came down the path, in plain view, a most magnificent buck. All unsuspecting, he stalked to the pool, and lowered his head to drink,—not ten feet away!

I was so spellbound with awe at his

majestic appearance that for a moment I forgot to snap the lever of my camera. Just as I was about to do so, a slight noise from up the path attracted my attention. I cautiously turned my eyes and saw,—two mere deer, a doe and a fawn. The doe went straight to the pool, the fawn frisking after her. While they drank, the buck stepped to one side, and, raising his mighty antlers, gazed with a proud, protecting light in his beautiful, limpid eyes.

What a sight that was!

Recovering from my amazement, I hastily pushed the lever of the camera, hardly knowing what I was doing.

At the click, the buck became all attention, a haughty, dangerous look gleaming in his eyes now, and the doe and the fawn raised their heads, sniffing the air cautiously.

Another fine pose! and, all forgetful of possible danger, I snapped another picture.

Then, as if their super-sensitive nostrils had perceived the man-scent, all three were off like a flash, and the last I saw of them was three white flags bobbing through the underbrush,—but I had my pictures!

A SILENT WATCHER, '16

HUNTING CRANES.

It was half past five in the morning, and John and I were already preparing a hiding place on the shore. We gathered branches, leaves, and grass, and tried, as skilfully as possible, to weave them into a large bush. We worked quickly and quietly in order to complete our work before the cranes came down from their night abodes in the trees across the bay. We knew how sly and timid the cranes were, and we took every precaution to make our ambuscade look as natural as possible. When we had finished, we put our shot-guns in, and crawled in and lay quietly on our stomachs.

About twenty minutes elapsed before we saw any signs of life in the crane-village across the water. Then, one after another, they glided lightly to the shore, and stood in the water flapping their large grey wings as if trying to work off the stiffening effects of their night's rest. Anxiously, we watched

them, but none of them seemed inclined to fly across to the shore on which we were hidden. With sinking hearts we began to think that we had been seen, but our hopes rose again with several cranes who came flying towards us, describing great circles in the air.

Nervously we cocked our guns and pushed the barrels through the leaves. Three or four of the cranes alighted within twenty yards of us. Now was our chance. We took careful aim—my hands were trembling like an aged man's—and both guns cracked simultaneously. Our bird lay still, and another flew weakly for about thirty yards and then fell into the water. I rowed out in our boat and got the bird which was being borne away rapidly by the swift current. We went home very proud of our game because the cranes of Maine are considered very difficult birds to hunt.

W. S. LEVENSON, Room 13.



HISTORY TEACHER:—"Harold! You don't know that George Washington is dead?"

HAROLD:—"No, indeed; I didn't even know he was sick."

SON:—"Father, what is the board of education?"

FATHER:—"It was a pine shingle when I went to school."

In a certain colored school in the South, the pupils were being drilled in the meaning and use of words.

"John," said the teacher, "can you give a sentence containing the words *dejeat* and *debasement*?"

"De feet slipped on de steps and de boy fell into de basement," answered John.

SENIOR:—"I just got a zero for laughing."

FRESHMEN:—"That's nothing."

SENIOR (angrily):—"What's nothing?"

FRESHMEN:—"Zero."

HEARD IN LATIN.

FRESHMAN (translating):—"Boni leges Caesaris: Bony legs of Caesar."

JOKE EDITOR:—"I see you are smiling at our jokes."

SUBSCRIBER:—"Yes, I always smile at my old friends."

HEARD IN LATIN.

"PRIMA LUCE:—Top o' th' mornin,"

HISTORY TEACHER:—"Who led the Ionian revolt?"

STUDENT:—"Asparagus."

WHO HE WAS.

In answer to the question, "Who was Cyclops?" set in an examination paper on classical mythology, one student wrote,—"Cyclops was the man who wrote the 'Cyclopedia!'"

Student (as answer to question he thinks nobody knows), writes "The Lord only knows."

TEACHER (correcting paper):—"The Lord gets the credit."

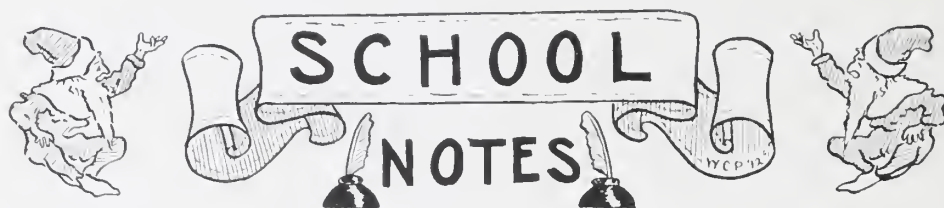
Little bits of zeroes,

Little bits of fun,

Make our lives unhappy,

When the month is done.

E. H. J. '15.



The year is now more than half gone. This is the time for every boy to decide whether he is satisfied with his year's work thus far, or not. Of the three months of the winter term, which is the central and hardest, two months have passed. Are you satisfied? Can you examine your conscience and say honestly that you have done your best? There remains only one month of the winter term. Nevertheless, this one month can help your record. There is one thing only which can do this, and that is, hard work on your part. Do not put off work until the spring term. It is a well established tradition of the School, that the boy who is not doing satisfactory work by the April vacation has small chance of recovering enough to gain promotion in June. Now is the time to work and boost your percentage. In a few weeks the weather will begin to improve. All outdoors will call you to sport. Why not do your work now so that you can enjoy the sunny days to come, rather than be compelled to stay in then and make up for your idle hours now?

* * * * *

It seems strange that there is no French Club in existence in the Latin School. Our sister school has both a French and a German Club. From the interest which the first two classes seem to take in the French plays and in the lantern talks of Mr. Henderson, it should not be difficult to find enough material for one.

A considerable number of boys from the first two classes went to the production of "L'Abbé Constantin" at the Toy Theatre on February second. The boys seemed to enjoy the play, although, as one said, "Chain lightning had nothing on their way of talking."

* * * * *

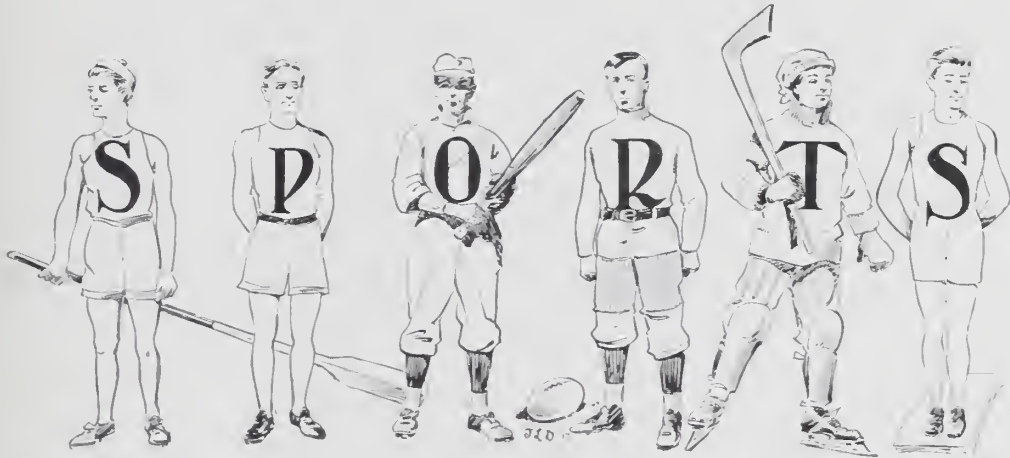
The Register regrets to announce the death of Charles W. Lovering, '64, one of the older of the "old boys."

* * * * *

The School has been favored with numerous visits from alumni this month. Among them were Dunton '14, Bail '13, and Nash '12.

* * * * *

On Feb. 12, the School had the very great pleasure of listening to an address on the Flag by the Hon. Curtis Guild. The School was indeed fortunate to secure such as interesting as well as instructive speaker. He came nearer to the hearts of the boys than most speakers do. His first words put us at our ease and made us pay much better attention than might have been given otherwise. In a truly charming manner he traced the flag from the Crusades to its present design. At the close of his speech, in his stirring tribute to Lincoln, it would have taken a pretty poor specimen of rising manhood not to have felt a great reverence mingled with honor for the martyr president. As Mr. Pennypacker so cleverly put it, we hope that the memory of that day will linger a long time.



THE CLASS MEET.

On Jan. 28 the annual Class Meet took place. There were a number of surprises in the meet, principally the failure of Arthur Fay to win the dash, and of another, Cousens, to break the record in the 300. Cousens stopped running at the end of the 3d lap, thinking that was the last; otherwise he might have made a record.

Anderson of Class III. broke the record in the standing broad jump which was made by Webber two years ago. The first class won the meet by seven points which, though not a very great margin, is more than the graduating class of last year won by. Martin won the 600, as was expected, with Dolan, an intermediate, second. In the shotput. Levenson came to the front and beat John Povah, the favorite. "Charlie Hamlin" won the high jump. It looks as though we could be sure of 5 points through Charlie in the dual meets this year, for he is jumping in great style.

Summary:—

SENIOR EVENTS.

Thirty-yard dash—Won by Duntley

'17; second, Fay '15; third, Whalen '18. Time—4s.

Three hundred-yard run—Won by Cousens '16; second, Gillis '15; third, Van Neste '15. Time—45s.

Six hundred-yard run—Won by Martin '16; second, Dolan '15; third, O'Hearn '15. Time—1m. 34 3-5s.

One thousand-yard run—Won by Davis '15; second, Leary '17; third, Malloy '16. Time—2m. 55 2-5s.

Running high jump—Won by Bolster '16, height 5ft. 2 1/4 in.; second, Malloy '16, height 5ft; third, McDonald '17, height 4ft. 10in.

Standing broad jump—Won by Anderson '17, distance 8ft. 8 1/2 in.; second, Rice '15, distance 8ft. 7in.; third, Godkin '15, distance 8ft. 3in.

Shot put—Won by Levenson '15, distance, 38ft. 5in.; second, Povah '15, distance 37ft. 8in.; third, Whalen '18, distance 37ft.

Relay race—Won by class II. (Fay, Godkin, Gillis, Rice); second, class I (Duntley, Martin, Whalen, Cousens).

JUNIOR EVENTS.

Thirty-yard dash—Won by Cohen; second, Tumaroff; third, Dcheity. Time—5 1-5s.

One hundred and sixty-yard dash—Won by Kroetzsch; second, Chase; third, Hayes. Time—24 2-5s.

Relay Race—Won by Team A (Doher-ty, Chase, O'Toole, Tarpley, Wells, Quinn, Rogers, Cohen); second, team B (Clough, O'Brien, Hayes, Sanders, Westman, Costello, Donovan, Tice).

Relay race—Won by team C (Twiss, Baumann, Manning, Dalrymple, Gal-
livan, Donovan); second, team D (Engelwald, Beverage, McDonough, Godinski, Welch, Watson).

Dorchester, 51½. Latin, 25½.

In the dual meet with Dorchester at the Dorchester High gymnasium, we met with a bad defeat. This was rather unexpected, as we were supposed to have a pretty good chance to win, but the track had a good deal to do with it, being rather small and strange to our men. We secured only one place in the dash, this going to Arthur Fay. In the 300 O'Neil had the lead but met with an accident on the last corner, falling down and spoiling our chances in that. In the high jump Charlie Hamlin gathered in five points, the only first place for Latin in the meet. Foster Cousens was unable to run because of illness.

Summary:—

Twenty-five yard dash—Tie for first between Siegel, Dorchester, and Cole, Dorchester; third, Fay, Latin; fourth, Binford, Dorchester.

Three hundred yard run—Won by Faulkner, Dorchester; second, Russo, Dorchester; third, Robinson, Latin; fourth, Greenleaf, Dorchester.

Six hundred yard run—Won by Corri-
gan, Dorchester; second, Martin, Latin; third, Stover, Dorchester; fourth, Tobin, Latin.

One thousand yard run—Won by O'Connell, Dorchester; second, Davis, Latin; third, Leary, Latin; fourth, Moles, Dorchester.

Shot put—Won by Curley, Dorches-
ter, distance 37ft. 4in.; second Levenson, Latin, distance 36ft. 6in.; third, Povah, Latin, distance 35ft. 9in; fourth, Heavey Dorchester, distance 35ft. 6in.

Standing broad jump—Won by Kim-
ball, Dorchester, distance 8ft. 11in.; second, Cole, Dorchester, distance 8ft. 9½in.; third Kontoff, Dorchester, dis-
tance 8ft. 7½in.; fourth, Anderson, Latin, distance 8ft. 4in.

Running high jump—Won by Hamlin, Latin, height 5ft. 1in; second, tie be-
tween Dempsey, Dorchester; Gorman, Dorchester; Foye, Dorchester; Bolster, Latin, height 5ft.

Lynn E. H. S., 34 Boston Latin, 48

The Lynn meet was a "recovery" meet. All our men who went to pieces in the Dorchester meet, performed in fine style here. We secured all first places except the shotput. Fay started the ball rolling by winning both his trial heat and the final in the dash. He broke the tape a winner by almost a yard. Foster Cousens and Martin easily won the 300 and 600 respectively. In the 1000 we got the first three places, Malloy beating Carder of Lynn in a fine spurt the last lap. As usual, Charlie Hamlin won the High Jump, not being forced at all. We easily won the relay race but the five points were given to Lynn because of a tech-
nical error in the touch-off between Fay and Martin.

Summary:—

30-yard dash—Won by Fay (Latin):
Bloomberg (Lynn). second; tie between

Hayes (Lynn) and Duntley (Latin) for third place. Time—4s.

300-yard run—Won by Cousens (Latin); O'Neil (Latin), second; Callahan (Lynn), third; Griffin (Lynn), fourth. Time—44s.

600-yard run—Won by Martin (Latin) MacDonald (Lynn), second; Foster (Lynn), third; Tobin (Latin), fourth. Time—1m. 37-3-5s.

1000-yard run—Won by Davis (Latin) Leary (Latin), second; Malloy (Latin), third; Carder (Lynn), fourth. Time—3m.

Running high jump—Won by Hamlin (Latin), height, 5 ft. 1½ in.; Hayes (Lynn), height, 5ft. ¾in.; second; Clark (Lynn), height, 5 ft.; third; tie for fourth between Bolster (Latin) and Foster (Lynn), height, 4 ft. 10in.

Shot-put—Won by Pelly (Lynn), distance, 37ft. ¾in.; Povah (Latin), distance, 36ft. 6in., second; Whelan (Latin), distance, 36ft. 5¾in., third; Levenson (Latin), distance 36ft. ¼in., fourth.

Standing broad jump—Won by Anderson (Latin), distance 8ft. 8¾in.; Thompson (Lynn), distance, 8 ft. 8in., second; Sdhaciman (Lynn), 8ft. 4in., third; Swartz (Latin), distance, 8ft. 3in., fourth.

Relay race—Won by Lynn English (frost, Callahan, Holden and MacDonald ald); Boston Latin (Fay, Martin, Rice and Cousens), second.

Dorchester, 64.

Latin, 67.

We retaliated on Dorchester in the Junior and Intermediate meet in our Drill Hall, beating them by a small margin. Herwitz sprang a surprise in the intermediate dash by beating Duntley, Herwitz got five points in the standing broading broad jump, also in the 220 O'Neil, last year's Regimental winner and holder of the record

in that event, was beaten in a close race by O'Leary of Dorchester. Dolan had an easy time in the 600, winning by 30-yards. We show in the Junior dash by gaining ten points though Tumaroff, Cohen, and Quinn, who finished in that order. In the 160 Kroetsch won after a fine race with Robinson of Dorchester. Kroetsch also got third in the standing broad jump.

Summary:—

JUNIOR EVENTS.

30-yard dash—First heat—Won by Dooley (D); Quinn (L), second. Second heat—Won by Cohen (L); Franke (D), second. Third heat—Won by Tumaroff (L); McCarron (L), second. Fourth heat—Won by Bissett (D); Hayes (L), second. Fifth heat—Won by Harkins (L); Delaney (D), second. Sixth heat—Won by Susmann (D); Collins (D), second. Seventh heat—Won by Clough (L); Colton (D) second.

Semi-finals—First heat—Won by Quinn (L); Tumaroff (L), second. Second heat—Won by Cohen (L); Bissett (D), second. Third heat—Won by Hayes (L); Delaney (D), second.

Final heat—Won by Tumaroff (L), Cohen (L), second; Quinn (L), third; Bissett (D), fourth.

160-yard run—First heat—Won by Robinson (D); Kroetsch (L), second. Second heat—Won by Snow (D); Sheehan (D), second. Third heat—Won by Doherty (L); Lomasney (L), second. Final heat—Won by Kroetsch (L); Robinson (D), second; Doherty (L), third; Snow (D), fourth.

Running high jump—Won by Snow (D), 4ft. 5in.; Donovan (L), Harkins (L) and Lockwood (D) tied for second at 4 feet 3 inches.

Shot-put (5-pound)—Won by Davis (D), 36 feet 4½ inches; Laskey (D), 34

feet 4 inches, second; Lomasney (L), 32 feet 3½ inches, fourth.

Standing broad jump—Won by O'Connor (L), 7 feet 11¼ inches; Gillette (D), 7 feet 7 inches, second; Kroetsch (L), 7 feet 5 3-5 inches, third; Haye (L), 7 feet 1½ inches, fourth.

Score—Latin 31, Dorchester 24.

INTERMEDIATE EVENTS.

30-yard dash—First heat—Won by Duntley (L); Murphy (D), second. Second heat—Won by Herwitz (L); Derrigan (D), second. Third heat—Won by Herrick (D); Salwerz (L), second. Fourth heat—Won by Gainsboro (D); Levine (D), second.

Heat for second men—Won by Murphy (D); Levine (D), second.

Final heat—Won by Herwitz (L); Duntley (L), second; Herrick (D) and Gainsboro (D), tied for third.

220-yard run—First heat—Won by O'Neil (L); Dooley (D), second; O'Leary (D), third; Gormley (D), fourth. Second heat—Won by Wood (L); O'Hearn (L), second; L. Beatty (D), third. McIntyre (L) finished first, but was disqualified for fouling. Final heat—Won by O'Leary (D); O'Neil (L), second; Wood (L), third; Gormley (D), fourth.

35-yard hurdles—First heat—Won by Wing (L); Craft (D), second. Second heat—Won by Greenburg (L); Parsons (D), second. Final heat—Won by Wing (L); Craft (D), second; Greenburg (L), third; Parsons (D), fourth.

600-yard run—Won by Dolan (L); Mowles (D), second; Fifield (D), third; Cosgrove (D), fourth.

Running high jump—Chase, Williams, Berkman and Ayres, all of Dorchester, and McGrath (L), tied for first at 4 feet 5¼ inches.

Shot-put (8-pound)—Won by Phillips (D), 36 feet 5¾ inches; Duntley (L),

35 feet 8¼ inches, second; Rubin (L), 35 feet 2 inches, third; Fifield (D), 33 5 inches, fourth.

Standing broad jump—Won by Herwitz (L), 8 feet 3 inches; Parsons (D), 7 feet 8 inches, second; Langery (D), 7 feet 7 inches, third; O'Neil (L), 7 feet 5 inches, fourth.

Score—Dorchester 4. Latin 36.

Total score—Boston Latin 67, Dorchester 65.

BASEBALL.

Now that the baseball season is rapidly approaching, Coach O'Brien is beginning to look for new material to fill the vacant positions. No fellow who was a member of last year's team is sure of his position just because he is a veteran. He must come out again this year and "deliver the goods," and it's up to you fellows who play ball, to come out and make him hustle. Any fellow can play baseball and with a little confidence to back up the ability, we can have a good team and make the other schools sit up and take notice. Don't let it be said that "Latin School is a back-number in athletics." Now, you fellows, come out for the team and show some of the real *Latin School spirit* and people will change their minds.

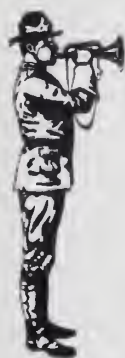
A number of veterans are back from last year's team, among them being: Capt. Cousens, McGinn; Martin, Enright, Maloney, Devine, Murphy, and Stewart.

CREW.

Crew started in earnest when about thirty candidates reported to Capt. Hunt at the East Boston Gym. Feb. 9. There is plenty of material from which to form a good crew, but some of the larger fellows ought to try for a while at least. When the track season ends, it is expected that several of the "huskies" will be on hand. Povah, Walsh, Young, Hamlin, and others

have had some experience, while Dillon, Lincoln, Cleary, and Fitzgerald have done well. There are only two veteran backs from last year's first crew, Hunt and Murdough, but Walsh and Povah of the second crew are available. The hardest task will be to obtain a good coxswain, for last year's coxswains are out of school. Plummer, Coyne, Donovan, and Mansfield are the most promising. About fifteen candidates, reported, so that most of them will be dropped before the crews go out on the river, but several more men are wanted for the oars. There must be a lot of boys in school who have done much rowing at the beach and elsewhere. If so, why don't these boys come out for crew, and not only try to make their "L," but also try to add to

their physical upbuild. There is no sport which gives one such all around exercise as crew. Efforts are being made to arrange races with some of the private schools, preferably Noble and Greenough, Roxbury Latin, and Stone. If arrangements can be satisfactorily made, a race with Stone School, an inland "eight," may take place before the Groton race. Now, fellows, there are only two men sure of their places, Let everyone, therefore, who ever saw an oar, come out and afford some keen competition, and make the fellows, who think they can make the crew, work hard. Let anyone desiring to try, hand his name and room number either to Mr. Campbell R. 14, or to Hunt Room 18.



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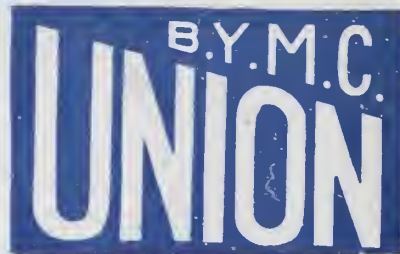
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